The Weekly Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

THE ROBIN.

BY EDWIN SMITH.

Hard Winter strikes on the pools and the dikes;
The ice grows thick and the boughs bend low,
Laden with ponderous loads of snow;
Too keen the cold for the ravenous shrikes,
And the cock has not spirit to crow.
Winter weighs down on country and town,
And fringes the holly, robust and green,
With tangles and wreaths of yesternight,
And spangles of Christmas sheen;
And the feathery birch is ghostly grown
With cerements all of purest white;
But on a twig, perched full in the light,
One patch of red is seen.

At my neighbor's window, two round-eyed girls
With plump-fed cheek and dimpled chin,
Flatten their noses and shake their curls,
Snug in their own warm nest,
To espy the gleam of a soldier-breast,
That bears a heart, though small, within,
As gallant and bold as the best.

Worms are locked up by the stingy frost,
And berries are few, and grubs are dear,
And the greedy sparrows, a numerous host,
Sweep down in a cloud, and sweep the coast,
Whenever crumbs appear;
But straight from his tree Robin makes a dart,
And two lookers-on take Robin's part,
As he fights for his morsel of cheer;
And anon trills loud and clear,
A pluckier song than all the rest,
For he carries about in his soldier-breast
A heart that knows no fear.

This stout, small bird might surely have heard,
In a dim, dark way, the gracious word
Of Him who feeds the fowls when they cry—
Raven, robin, and linnet;
For, day by day, his little, quick eye
Sends wistful messages up to the sky,
And down to his friends of earth;
The fields lie bare, but spite of dearth,
Providence leaves on the window-sill
Some well-watched scraps for Robin's bill;
So he gobbles them up with a hungry zest,
And thankfulness fills his soldier breast,
And the brave little heart within it.

Stern Winter tightens her iron hold
On all things living and all things dead;
Silence prevails; the ruthless cold
Waxes keener o'er field and fold—
Joy from the world seems fled.
Round eyes peep out through the crusted pane,
With shivering doubts and boding fears;
Wondering Robin comes not again,
To pipe his merry "Good-morning" trill,
And dry their rising tears.
Alas their fears had told them true;
On the smooth-laid drift, without a stain,
One lonesome patch arrests the view—
A bundle of feathers and two little legs,
Stiff and upright as wooden pegs,
With slender, motionless toes outspread,
And a heavenward-pointed bill;
Like a tiny "warrior taking his rest,"
There lies on the snow a soldier-breast,
But the brave little heart is still.

Select Story.

THE OLD HOUSE.

My Adventure in Germany.

Travelling in a diligence from Gottingen to Leipzig, my attention was arrested by the singular, ancient appearance of a four-story dwelling standing quite a distance from the street, and seeming to be uninhabited. I was on a tour of adventure, and attended only by my little maid Liza. Giving a signal for the driver to halt, I motioned Liza to follow me after I alighted. Ever prompt to obey my orders, she was in a moment beside me, and the old diligence went rattling on its way to Leipzig.

"Liza," said I, "we will go and explore the contents of yonder old house, and then have ample time to reach Leipzig before dark by the next coach."

"True," replied Liza; "but, Miss Olivia, supposing the house is haunted, or it may be inhabited by vicious people, and—"

"That'll do, Liza; no more objections. I am bound to go."

And on we went until we reached the enormous old building, and after some difficulty, found an entrance. The first room we entered was of capacious dimensions, with huge bay-windows and a chimney-piece of grotesque and costly workmanship, which, like all other portions of the house, bore marks of decay. The ceilings were also superbly carved, and must once have been elegant. From this room we wended our way through the long halls, up the broad stairways, and through divers rooms of various sizes. Some of the rooms were furnished with quaint, antique furniture, while others were entirely devoid of furniture or ornament.

We lingered some time in a room on the third floor overlooking the front portico, the walls of which were decorated with several portraits, also two or three faded and worn oil paintings of Swiss scenery. Why the old family portraits should be suffered to hang there to decay, was a source of wonder to Liza and me. We had now surveyed the whole, as we thought, and were about to start to meet the afternoon stage for Leipzig, when we were startled by hearing the key turn in the lock of the door. I immediately sprang to the door and tried to open it, but to no purpose—we were held fast. Liza was terrified, and begged piteously to be released from our prison; but no one answered, although we heard footsteps and a demoniacal laugh in the adjoining rooms. I opened a window and was half a mind to jump to the ground, but I knew if I did it would be instant death to me, so I sat down on an old sofa, and beckoned Liza to do likewise, really turning comforter to the poor frightened girl.

"We can do nothing for ourselves, Liza," I said; "but I think whoever fastened us in this room will release us; so keep up your spirits, dear girl; we shall see Leipzig before to-morrow night."

In this soothing way I continued to talk to Liza until I was inclined to believe what I was saying myself, and I really laughed as I thought of our odd position.

As night came on, however, I grew hungry and impatient, and sincerely wished I had never seen the inside of the huge old edifice, that then imprisoned me. It was nearly morning before either of us closed our eyes in sleep. Even if our minds had been free from anxiety, we could not have slept from the unearthly noises without. Such groaning and screaming I had never heard nor imagined before.

"Truly, Liza, you were right when you suggested that this house might be haunted," I said; "I will never say again I do not believe the weird old tales I have read of places like this."

Liza did not answer; she had fainted; her hands were icy cold, and I feared she was dead from fright.

"In such a horrible place as this," thought I, "and alone with the dead!" O, what agony pierced my soul, as I sat chafing Liza's cold hands, imploring her to speak to me once more. The night was dark, there was no moon, and the few stars that were visible lent a faint light just sufficient to expose the deathly countenance of my poor maid. She must have remained in this condition nearly an hour; then at the booming of a cannon in the region of the courtyard, she made a slight hysterical move. In the course of half an hour more, Liza had recovered her senses, and we sat mournfully condoling our condition until at last we both fell asleep. When we awoke, the sun was up, and all around us was as silent as a church-yard—no sound save the plaintive song of a bird that perched itself on the portico, as if to look down upon our misery, was heard. I arose and went to the door, trying with all my might to open it, but it would not yield.

"Liza," I said, "we must not, we cannot remain here; now, before we become famished and weak, let us make a desperate effort to regain our freedom; even if it costs our lives, let us do it."

Liza started. "I am ready to do anything you bid me," said the faithful girl.

I stood in deep thought a moment; then I bade Liza strip the large bay shawl she wore, in pieces, and I did the same with mine, and after braiding the strips, we found we had made two strong cables of sufficient length to reach from the window to the ground; then fastened the ends securely to some hooks that projected from the outer wall, I set adrift, as Liza had not the courage to start first. In less than a minute I reached the ground; I then beckoned her to follow, which she immediately did. It was some moments before we reached the street, tired and exhausted, to await the diligence to convey us to Leipzig. Our hands were sore and nearly raw from descending the rope, but we did not complain, so rejoiced were we to have escaped at all.

After we had reached Leipzig and breakfasted, we set ourselves diligently to work to find, if possible, some clew to the strange proceedings at the house we had so unhappily visited. We were referred to an old woman who lived in a remote part of the town, who, we were told, was familiar with the history of the family who had occupied it, also of their ancestors in a long line down. Procuring a cab, Liza and I were soon on our way to the residence of the strange woman, whose name was Nancy Schranberger. As we entered her humble domicile she welcomed us kindly in her native tongue, and as I was familiar with the language, our conversation passed smoothly, and she related the following story of the old house and its former inmates:

"Thirty years ago," said the old lady, after drawing her chair close beside me, and sitting down with her eyes bent on the floor, "I was a servant at the Gotsched House, as it was called, occupying the position of lady's maid to Meta, the wife of Bodmer Gotsched, the owner of the estate. Bodmer descended from an illustrious family, and was a man great in stature and in mind. He was educated at Ivan university, and was a scholar of some renown. His wife Meta was ordinary in every sense of the word, and at the time of her marriage with Bodmer, there was the greatest opposition on the part of the Gotsched family; but through some artful measures of the crafty Meta she secured the hand, if not the heart, of Bodmer. Her entrance to Gotsched mansion, witnessed the departure of the only brother and sister of Bodmer, never to return. Some asserted that they went to India, but to this day it is not fully known. Bodmer generously shared the enormous property with them, and sorely regretted their decision to leave him.

"The parents of Bodmer were dead; thus he and his wife with their suite of servants were the sole occupants of the large, splendid house. I was a confidant as well as a servant of Meta, hence I knew a deal about some of her mean, petty acts, many of which I do not even now feel at liberty to disclose. I will pass them all except the one great circumstance that brought ruin and desolation upon the great house and fame of Gotsched. Bodmer and Meta were never blessed with any children of their own, so Bodmer adopted Johanna Brutinger, a cousin of his. Johanna was a bright, active child, and a great favorite of Bodmer's; but Meta hated her, she was so jealous of the attention Bodmer showed her, and from the first, treated her almost brutally.

"One morning Johanna was found dead in her bed; Meta Gotsched was accused of poisoning her, still it was never proved against her. Soon after this event, Bodmer died, leaving his vast estate to his wife. Meta shortly after left Gotsched house for parts unknown, although some maintain that she still dwells in some obscure part of the old manor, as they are certain either she or her ghost has been seen about the premises. And there are those who think the house is haunted, or that a set of counterfeiters and gamblers occupy a portion of it. There are all kinds of rumors afloat, as the proceedings at the old house have been of the most suspicious character. No one takes the pains to investigate the affair, therefore matters are allowed to take their course; the land is going to waste, and the house to decay. All this ruin is brought about by the misdoings of one woman."

I listened to the recital of this story with breathless attention, and when the old lady had finished, I recompensed her for her time and trouble, and in company with Liza, returned to the hotel, feeling grateful for the miraculous escape of the previous night.

WIVES BY THE CARGO.

Populating New Orleans in 1749—Shipping Girls to the Pioneers.

One volume of "Le Voyageur Francois," published in Paris in 1872, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, contains a number of letters from a Parisian traveller in America to a lady in Paris. He writes under date of August 28, 1749, that he met at Fort St. Louis, in Mobile M. de Belle-isle, Chevalier of St. Louis, who was then Major General of the marine troops of Louisiana. The General tells him a strange story of adventure. In 1719, the General came from France, with other officers, destined for service in the colony. They were carried by contrary winds into the Bay of St. Bernard, in the Gulf of Mexico. He went hunting, with four comrades, and the ship sailed away and left them. The abandoned officers found nothing to eat except insects and disagreeable herbs. Belle-Isle's comrades were fairly starved to death. He was only saved by catching and eating a wood rat, which he says was as large as a sucking pig. He lived upon this food long enough to reach the savage and barbarous nation of Atakapas, whose name indicates that they were man-eaters. They did not eat him because he was so lean. An old widow of the nation became enamored of him, and he served as her slave for two years, when deputies from a neighboring tribe put him in communication with the French, and he was rescued.

The Parisian traveller writes to this lady friend, an interesting account of the method adopted for populating the City of New Orleans. Ladies of that city who pride themselves upon especially ancient ancestry, may not be flattered by the picture. He writes:

"After many fatigues, the recital of which, however, would contain nothing remarkable, I have at last arrived, madam, at the capital of Louisiana.

"The founding of this town is, as you know, of very recent date. The India Company, building great hope on the future of this country, occupied itself with peopling it. It sent hither a ship freighted with girls, who had been enrolled by force, and without whom it was thought that it would be impossible to form a settlement on a solid basis. As soon as these girls were landed, they were all lodged in the same house, with a sentinel at the door. Permission was given to visit them during the day, and to select among them those whom the visitors wished to marry; but as soon as night came on an entry was refused to all classes. These girls did not fail to be provided with husbands. But this first cargo did not suffice for the number of applicants who presented themselves, for the last girl of the lot caused a very serious affray between several young men, who fought among themselves for her possession, although she had more the air of a grenadier than of a Helen.

"A second cargo of the same sort of merchandise arrived the next year, but the haste to get married had so diminished that there was no hurry in seeking them. Finally, a third cargo was landed, but this was more distingue. Those who composed it were called *les files de la cassette*, because on their departure from France they had received, through the liberality of the company, a little chest of linen and clothes. Besides, they were in charge of nuns. Nor did they have to wait long for husbands. They had not the less been brought over by force, with a single exception, who was known as *a la demoiselle de bonne volonce*.

"The number of these different importations was above 800 girls. Some established themselves in the capital; others settled in the country of the Natchez, where more than twenty years previously it had been proposed to found the metropolis, under the name of Rosalie, which was that of Mme. la Chanceliere de Pontchartrain.

"New Orleans, this town so famous in the history of the regency, the first which one of the largest rivers in the world has seen built on its banks, the capital, in fine, of a country vaster, more extended than France, contains barely 200 houses, some of which are of brick and others of wood. It is situated on the east bank of the Mississippi, and, according to the plan furnished by the engineer, the streets should be laid off regularly. So far, one sees only barabues scattered here and there, without much order in their arrangement. They are inhabited by Frenchmen, negroes, and a few Indians, who altogether do not number, as it appears to me, more than 1,200 individuals.

"M. le Marquis de Vandreuil, who commands here, is to receive, it is said, twenty-four additional companies of mariners. There is talk, also, of new importations of girls enrolled in France, who are to be brought here to populate these regions. Industrious soldiers who may desire to marry them will be released from the service. The King will grant them a certain number of arpents of land to cultivate, will supply them with provisions and other necessaries of life for three years, and will provide them with powder, shot, cattle, guns and implements of labor. I will say, en passant, that the table of this Governor (Vandreuil) is a great resource for those newly arrived, and thus he does the honors of host with as much generosity as dignity."

The Bet Senator Jones Won.

Early in Hayes' administration, Rosewater, of the Omaha *Bee*, unearthed a rotten ring at Omaha, that was robbing the government by a series of land swindles. After having secured sufficient evidence to convince the administration of the thefts, and convict the thieves, Rosewater visited Hayes at Washington, and laid the matter before him. The President promised that the ring should be immediately cleaned out. Rosewater told Senator Jones the whole story, congratulating himself at the same time that his efforts would result in the speedy apprehension of the swindlers. Nothing more was thought about the trouble by the Senator until, two years later, he met Rosewater in Washington again. "Well, how is everything in Nebraska, Rosewater?" said the Senator; "I suppose your millenium is come?" "Business and all that sort of thing is all right—but, ahem! well—" "Here, have a cigar," said the Senator, "and tell me all about it." Rosewater lighted the cigar slowly, and then mysteriously invited the Senator into a quiet corner. "Do you remember that land swindling scheme at Omaha, that I went to see Hayes about two years ago?" he commenced. "Yes," replied the Senator, knowing exactly what was coming. "And you know he promised to clean those fellows out?" "Yes." "Well, he has never done it." "Nothing strange about that; tell me about the interview you had with him at the time." "The interview was all right—just as straight as it could be. When I commenced to enter into the details of the steals, he went to a pigeon-hole in his desk, took out a scratch tab, and then telling me to proceed, wrote down questions, answers, names and everything. I was confident that he meant business. Now, I am going to him again, and ascertain why he has not kept his promise." Suiting his action to his words, Rosewater braced up to start for the White House. "Now, see here," said the Senator, quietly; "that's a pretty good cigar I gave you, isn't it? It cost me 2 shillings; a box of them is worth $25. I will bet you a box, and leave the bet to your decision, that if you don't say anything about your former interview, Hayes will take a scratch-book from the same pigeon-hole, write the same notes over again, and never remember that you ever before made complaint to him. This is taking the chances on the pigeon-hole, but I will make the bet." Rosewater agreed. Two hours later, he entered the Senator's room with a box of cigars under his arm. "Well?" said the Senator. "You won."—*Denver Tribune.*

BAPTIST clergymen have succeeded in living in the State of Tennessee on an annual salary of $60, but slippery elm and sassafras have become so scarce that the good men must have an increase or go under.—*Free Press.*

GAMBETTA was the Benjamin F. Butler of France.

Miscellaneous.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

Some day,
When others braid your thick brown hair,
And drape your form in silk and lace;
When others call you "dear" and "fair,"
And hold your hands, and kiss your face—
You'll not forget that far above
All other is a mother's love.

Some day,
'Mong strangers in far distant lands,
In your new home beyond the sea,
When at your lips are baby hands,
And children playing at your knee—
Oh, then, as, at your side they grow,
How I have loved you, you will know.

Some day,
When you must feel love's heavy loss,
You will remember other years,
When I, too, bent beneath the cross,
And mix my memory with your tears.
In such dark hours be not afraid;
Within their shadow I have prayed.

Some day,
Your daughter's voice, or smile, or eyes,
My face will suddenly recall;
Then you will pause in sweet surprise,
And your soul unto mine will call,
In that dear, unforgotten prayer,
Which we at evening used to share.

Some day,
A flower, a song, a word, may be
A link between us strong and sweet;
Ah, then, dear child, remember me!
And let your heart to "mother" beat.
My love is with you everywhere—
You cannot get beyond my prayer.

Some day,
At longest, it cannot be long,
I shall with glad impatience wait,
Amid the glory and the song,
For you before the Golden Gate,
After earth's parting and earth's pain,
Never to part. Never again!

LOVEJOY'S DEATH.

The First Armed Resistance to the Aggressions of Slavery.

The *Telegraph* reproduces in this issue a *fac simile* of an old engraving, made in 1837, representing the battle in this city between the pro-slavery mob and the defenders of the press of the Alton *Observer*, the anti-slavery paper edited by Elijah P. Lovejoy. The conflict occurred November 7, 1837. The scene of the battle was the Godfrey & Gilman warehouse, which stood on the site now occupied by the National Mills. Of course, the majority of our readers are familiar with the history of the pro-slavery riots of that period, but we think that many of them are apt to lose sight of the fact that in this city, on the 7th of November, 1837, was made the first forcible resistance to the aggressions of the slave power in America. When all the country was cringing and cowering under the despotism of the slave power, here, in Alton, on the 6th of November, 1837, sixty men were armed and enrolled to resist its tyranny, and when the crisis came, on the 7th, those present did resist, with force and arms, the attack of the demon of slavery. Here was fought the first battle for freedom and human rights in slave-ridden America, and though the Spartan band was overpowered by numbers, the echo of their guns reverberated through the land, and awoke the spirit of resistance, which culminated in the war for the Union. Here, in reality, was fought the first battle of the civil war—and twenty-three years later, when the men of the North were arming for the final conflict, Illinois sent no braver soldiers to the field than the sons of the grand old Abolitionists who stood in the ranks in this city, on the memorable 7th of November, 1837. We reproduce the scene of the battle, as pictured at the time in a rough wood cut—knowing it will be of interest not only to the old residents, but to the generation that has since then come upon the field of action. It has been the fashion, for the last forty-five years, to deride and execrate Alton, because Lovejoy was killed here by a pro-slavery mob. But there are two sides to the matter. At the time of the riot, there was not a place in the United States where Lovejoy could have published an anti-slavery paper without molestation. The entire land was permeated and governed by the malevolent spirit of slavery. Even in righteous Boston, William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through the streets with a rope around his neck, and found no place of safety except within the walls of the jail. The Boston mob tried to kill Garrison, but failed; the Alton mob tried to kill Lovejoy, and succeeded. There was no difference in intent. Judged by the moral quality of the action, the one was just as much murder as the other. In Alton, the sixty noble men rallied around Lovejoy, with arms in their hands, and defended him to the best of their ability, and at the risk of their lives. In Boston, no anti-slavery men, (if there were any,) dared to rally round and attempt to defend Garrison; but he was rescued by the police, and placed in jail, as the only place of safety. Which city is worthy of the greater honor? The one where men were found brave enough to face and defy the slave power, or the one where they meanly cringed before it? The men who armed themselves to defend Lovejoy in Alton, were not defying simply a mob, but the sentiment of the age and country, and that right on the borders of a slave State. Lovejoy was driven from St. Louis, and his office there destroyed by pro-slavery rioters, and a large portion of the mob which killed him in Alton was made up of Missouri ruffians. We have said that there were sixty men enrolled to defend Lovejoy. This was the case, and that number assembled at the building on the fatal night in question, ready for action, but there being no sign of disturbance, the first of the evening, a false sense of security induced the leader to dismiss to their homes the greater part of the number, leaving but twenty men to defend the press stored in the building. The story of the battle is graphically told by Mr. Henry Tanner, of Buffalo, one of the defenders, who has written an admirable history of the riots. After narrating the history of Lovejoy's career in Alton, and the destruction of two presses by mobs, and the action of a public meeting in deciding to procure a third press, he describes the landing of this last press, and the preparations to receive it, as follows:

A company of about sixty volunteers had enrolled themselves under the laws as a military company, and tendered their services to the Mayor, to keep the peace of the city. This number of men had met for drill that evening, at the store where the press would be landed, and they were armed with good rifles, all well loaded with ball. The Captain of the boat was ordered to land the boxes containing the press, and if any attack was made on the boxes, to pull his boat out of harm's way, as soon as possible. The sixty men inside were divided into companies, and stationed at points overlooking the boxes. They had received orders that if any unauthorized persons should attempt to handle the boxes, they were to shoot at the boxes, and if anybody was in the way, it would appear to be the fault of the intruder. The press, however, was successfully landed, no demonstrations of a mob being made. The press was soon transferred from the boat to the fourth story of the warehouse belonging to Godfrey & Gilman, and the military company was left to continue their drill until morning, or go to sleep as best they could.

This brings us in detail to the morning of the 7th of November, 1837. All was quiet in the city, the press was out of harm's way, in the keeping of responsible men, and no demonstration towards its being unpacked. As night approached, nearly all the men who had given their names to form that military company went to the building containing the press, one lost of which was the drill room, and were drilled there until 9 o'clock. Then, as no one apprehended any trouble, the company was dismissed, and each was about going quietly home, when Mr. Gilman, one of the proprietors of the store, asked if some few of the number would not volunteer to remain through the night, as a precaution against any one breaking into the store and committing any depredation. Nineteen men volunteered to stay, and with Mr. Gilman, made twenty in all, left in the store. Within a short time, appearances seemed to indicate that the mob was gathering, but no one thought of any serious trouble, until two well-known men came to the building, and asked to be admitted to see Mr. Gilman. Some one not possessed of much judgment—for they were both known to favor the mob—allowed them to come in. They, of course, soon took in the small number left to guard the building and press, and they then informed Mr. Gilman that unless the press was given up to the gentlemen (!) outside, the building would be burned over our heads, and every man killed. Consultation was had inside, and they were promptly given to understand that the press and the store would be defended. Some of us were for keeping these parties prisoners until morning, that they might share our fate, if need be.

Early in the night, after the main body had left, the twenty men remaining in the building had elected Deacon Enoch Long to act as their Captain, and, as he had seen service in the war of 1812, we supposed him the most fit man for such a case. About as soon as the mob could get their report, we understood by the wild shouts among them, that our numbers were satisfactory to that side, at least, and that we would have work to do. A council was called by the inside party, to take measures for defense, and some advised most vigorous defense, and as severe punishment to the mob, if we were attacked, as possible; but our Captain overruled, saying our course would be a useless sacrifice of human life, and if the mob, whose shot and stones had begun to come, should persist in their attack, after being counseled of the consequence, then he would select some one man to fire into the mob, and no doubt they would instantly disperse. The building was of stone, over one hundred feet long at the side toward a vacant lot. The attacking party were covered by this stone wall. The ends of the buildings on street and river would show as two stores—three stories on the street, and four at the river end, owing to the formation of the land. In the loft of one of these stores were stored stone jugs and jars. Reuben Garry had stationed himself in this loft, while the writer was in the other. The mob were working in the street in front of both, but more particularly under Gerry's part, for the door they were trying to force was more directly under him. Gerry had opened the door in his room over the heads of the mob, and was amusing himself by rolling the jugs and crocks out of the door down on their heads. The mob for a time tried throwing up stones, but they did not go up with the same effect that the jugs came down, and one of their number was selected to cross the street and shoot whoever might be throwing down the jugs. By the time the party had got to his appointed place, where he could command Gerry's door, my rifle was through the g'ass forming the top of my door, and resting on the sash, perfectly covering the man on the street. Two men had come up to the room where I was, to get a good sight of the mob, and the street was full. They were asking me not to shoot, for we were getting the worst of the fight already. My promise was readily given not to shoot, unless the man raised his gun to shoot Gerry; if he did, he could never perform the act. But Gerry knew of the preparations to shoot him, and did not know of my position, so he kept out of sight, and saved the life of one who bragged, the next day, that he was the one who shot Lovejoy, perhaps not an hour later. I soon heard Mr. Gerry going down stairs, and immediately went down myself; and while we were discussing the situation, we heard the report of a gun close to us from the inside, and the exclamation that a man on the outside was shot. Our Captain had put in force his saving theory, and had selected one man to fire, and that shot had killed a man by the name of Bishop, on the outside. I heard one call and ask, "Who fired that gun?" and —— answered, "I did." I went to the window and saw four men pick up Bishop and carry him off. The shooting of this man seemed to have the effect contemplated by our Captain, and the mob withdrew. But the lull was short; they soon returned reinforced, and with savage yells, threatened to fire the building, and shoot every "d——d abolitionist." Even at this time no orders were given for any concentrated fire on the mob; although many shots were fired, but with poor effect. The Mayor came into the building, and we asked him to take us outside to face the mob, and order them to disperse, or else in their hearing order us to fire, and we would pledge our lives to clean them out, but he prudently and cautiously, and for our good, declined, saying he had too high a regard for our lives to do that, but at the same time he justified our right of defense. When he returned to the mob from us, he could do nothing. About this time, the mob had approached the building with a long ladder; and operating on the side of the house next the vacant lot, where there was no opening in the long wall, they had got the ladder to the roof, and a man on the ladder with material to set the roof on fire. When volunteers were called for to go out and shoot the man off the ladder, the men on the lower floor—Mr. Lovejoy, Amos B. Roff, and Royal Weller—stepped out of the door and towards the river, and as they stepped clear of the door, to get at the side of the building, Mr. Lovejoy received five bullets in his body and limbs from behind a pile of lumber near by, where the men were concealed, probably for the purpose. Mr. Roff was also shot in the leg; and Mr. Weller also was shot in the leg, and had a bullet through his hat that just cleared his head. Mr. Lovejoy walked in and up one story to the office, saying as he went, "I am shot! I am shot! I am dead!" He was met at the door of the room by all on that floor, and died without a struggle, and without speaking again. The two that were wounded then got back up stairs. Very soon, there appeared on the river side of the building the same two men who were, in the beginning, admitted and let out of the building, and calling the attention of whoever was in sight, displayed a white handkerchief and called for Gilman, saying that the building was on fire, but that the boys would put it out, if he would give up the press, and would not destroy anything else, nor hurt any one, if the building was surrendered. Mr. Gilman then concluded that, inasmuch as there was great value in the building of goods, and also the interest of many firms all over the State were jeopardized, and Mr. Godfrey, his partner, that to save all these interests it was his judgment the buildings and press had best be abandoned to the mob. Others, under the circumstances, could say nothing, and so it was resolved to give it up, and the spies were so ordered to notify their fellows. Accordingly, our guns were secreted in different places, and all the number left the building in a body, except Lovejoy, dead, Roff and Weller, wounded, S. J. Thompson, who remained until the mob entered, and Rev. T. B. Hurlburt, who remained in charge of the body; and as the men passed by that vacant lot, it seemed as if a hundred bullets were shot at them from the mob congregated at the other and higher end of the lot. The escaped congregated in a hardware store on Second Street, a little removed from the scene of action, and after awhile went to their several homes, and the work of destruction was completed on the press and the fortunes of the city for all future time.

The names of the defenders of the press in the building at the time of the battle were: E. P. Lovejoy, (killed,) Amos B. Roff, (wounded,) Royal Weller, (wounded,) Rev. T. B. Hurlburt, Wm. Harned, Henry Tanner, James Morse, Jr., John S. Noble, Edward Breath, Geo. H. Walworth, J. C. Woods, Geo. H. Whitney, Reuben Gerry, Winthrop S. Gilman, Enoch Long, Geo. T. Brown, Sam'l J. Thompson, H. D. Davis, D. F. Randall, and D. B. Loomis. None of these are now known to be living, except W. S. Gilman, of New York City; Henry Tanner, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Rev. T. B. Hurlburt, of Upper Alton. It is to be regretted that there is no muster roll in existence of the remainder of the sixty men who enrolled themselves to defend the press, as they are entitled to almost equal honor with those who remained in the building.—*Alton (Ill.) Daily Telegraph.*

ASH WEDNESDAY.

The First Day of Lent, and the Ceremonies That Will Attend it in the Catholic Churches.

Lent begins next Wednesday, and after all it but means spring-tide, when the days begin to lengthen. Many a time does the Saxon Heptatench refer to the season as Lengten-tide. And that is Ash-Wednesday, of which the "*Festivall*," printed in 1511, says: "Ye shall begyn your faste upon Ashe-Wednesday. That daye must ye come to holy chirche, and take ashes of the Preestes hands, and thinke on the wordes well that he sayeth over your hedes, *memento, homo, quia cinis es, et in cinerim reverteries*, have mynde, thou man, of ashes thou art comen, and to ashes thou shalt tourne agayne." A proclamation issued on February 26, 1539, setting forth the ceremonies and usages that should be retained in the Church of England, also says: "On Ashe Wednesday it shall be declared that those ashes be gyven, to put every Christian man in remembrance of penance at the begynning of Lent, and that he is but erthe and ashes."

At present, the rite is confined to the Roman Catholic Church. It is a relic of the ancient discipline which, in the beginning of Lent, subjected public and scandalous sinnes to public and canonical penance. The Bishop having first heard their confession, clothed them with sack-cloth, laid ashes on their heads, and sprinkled them with holy water, recited aloud over them the seven penitential Psalms, assisted therein by all the clergy, lying prostrate on the ground. After the procession, in which they walked barefoot in the penitential dress above described, they were turned out of the church, not to be again admitted until Maundy Thursday. The church doors were then shut, and the "mass of the faithful" began.

That morning, before mass, in every Catholic church will be placed at the epistle, or right hand side of the altar, a large vessel, filled with ashes made by the burning of the palms burned on last Palm Sunday, old vestments, and other religious objects. After the reciting of anthems, he will say four prayers beseeching God to send His holy angel from heaven to bless and sanctify those ashes, that whoever will be touched by them for the remission of their sins may receive health of body and defense of soul; that all may obtain pardon for all their sins and the recompense promised to penitents; that they may be filled with compunction, and remain stable and untouched forever; and that they may so imitate the penance of the Ninivites, who did penance in sackcloth and ashes, that they may obtain pardon of their sins. He next will sprinkle the ashes with holy water, say the anthem, "Asperges—sprinkle me with hyssop," fume them thrice with incense, make the sign of the cross with them on his forehead, and do the same by the faithful who crowd to the altar rails, saying, as he signs over each one's forehead: "*Memento, homo, quod pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris*—Remember, man, that dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." And if he is a man with a fine sense of humor, he will, when any one of his flock comes forward with too worldly an appearance, give him or her an extra application of the penitential symbol.

A LEARNED WOMAN.—The most learned woman in the world is Miss Ramnabai, a young lady of twenty, who is now in Paris. She is a native of India, and can read, write and talk in twelve languages, having a wonderful gift in that way, besides being up in mathematics, astronomy, and history. She is studying medicine, and will go to India to practice, where she says thousands of her countrywomen die every year because they will not consult male physicians.—*Young Ladies' Journal.*

THERE was, some years ago, a gentleman living near Hillsboro, in this County, whose name, we learn, was comparable with that of Praise-God Barebones. It was Younger Funger Outyonder Stand-farther Oxit, John Quixote Pilgo Hedgeth.—*Jasper County News.*

MR. PENDLETON'S work has inured to the advantage of the Republicans.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

OLD HUNDRED.

BY ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

"I don't know about 'old masters,'
I know very little of 'chords,'
But, my dear, I like good music,
And understand good words.

And so, if you want to please grandpa,
Play something slow and old.
Somehow, new-fangled music
To me sounds hard and cold.

There isn't the same ring to it
There always used to be,
Though I s'pose the music's better,
And the fault is all in me.

I don't really wish to scold to-night,
And declare the world grows worse;
That new ideas are all a mistake,
And all the new ways a curse.

Old men, I am afraid, very often
Are apt to go on in that way;
I don't know but the world is better
Than the good old times, in my day;

And maybe old men are childish,
And foolish, too, once in a while;
And maybe the Lord likes better
To be praised in the new-fangled style.

But somehow I can't help thinking
(Old men are apt to think so)
That the hymns don't sound as solemn
As they used to, years ago.

Yes, you may sing 'Old Hundred;'
I like the way that goes,
Though the way they sing it nowadays—
Well, He understands, I s'pose.

Your grandma used to sing it
To me, fifty years ago.
Yes, Bessie, sing 'Old Hundred,'
As she did—soft and slow."

And Bessie sang the old-time hymn,
And played the music slow,
Till the white head in the cushioned chair
Was drowsily nodding low;

And a well-known click of the garden gate
Brings a blush to the cheek so fair;
"Old Hundred" sinks to silence,
And grandpa sleeps in his chair.

THE PIRATES' COVE.

The Resort of Marauders of the Last Century—Midnight Exploration for Buried Treasure—A Curious Story of Superstitious Industry.

From the Boston Herald.

During the past few weeks the good people of Neponset who have had occasion to be out late at night have been sorely annoyed by the sight of a figure flitting about the locality known as "The Pirates' Cove," at the head of what in old times was called Pine Neck River. This figure, man or spectre, or whatever else it may have been, was long and gaunt, and wore a sandy beard, which well nigh covered the breast. At times it wore a "stovepipe," quite funereal in its embellishments, and at times it carried a lantern. Those who have seen the man—assuming the shape or figure to be a man—in the gloaming, claim that they have found him digging with pick and shovel. Although apparently aware of their presence, the man appeared not in the least disturbed, but kept on with his labors. These discoverers have not been bashful in relating the story of what they have seen, and, as some of the gentlemen are known to be good citizens and of excellent habits as to the use of strong coffee and other drinkables, no little attention has been paid to their stories. Finally it dawned upon one of the oldest inhabitants that Pine Neck River or Creek was navigable up to the very cove where the midnight prowler with the pickaxe and shovel had been seen. Seventy years ago the creek was the rendezvous of quite a fleet of fishermen. It was also remembered that the vessels that frequented Dorchester Bay often sent boats up the creek for a supply of water from the spring that was known to exist in the cove, and which is there to-day. Tradition says that the pirate kings who infested Massachusetts Bay in colonial and revolutionary times, and for thirty years later, depended on the spring, from which they drew largely. The notorious skippers, Bellamy, Jack Phillips and Fly, the "terrors" of their day, were said to have been frequent visitors to the locality; and the oldest inhabitant before mentioned thought that it would not be surprising if they had concealed some of their plunder in the vicinity. These marauders all died violent deaths, and it was barely possible, in the eyes of some of the modern but superstitious inhabitants, that one of the ancient worthies had returned from the other side of the river, across which they were

SENT FROM A GIBBET,

to look after their ill-gotten gains. If any of them had returned, it was Fly, whose spirit was known to have taken wings from Nix's Mate, Boston Harbor, in 1823.

On reflection, the oldest inhabitant recalled a story told many years ago, wherein it was said that a wealthy Frenchman had been murdered by the crew of a vessel on which he took passage to this country, and that the murderers had carried the plunder up the Pine Neck Creek and buried it in the cove. The oldest inhabitant could not recall the name of the victim or the vessel, or the date upon which the murder occurred, but thought it was about the time of the French revolution, say 1792, when the royalists fled in large numbers to this country. Neponset, at that period, was the home of many sea captains, whose voyages gave them an acquaintance with many of the nobles and greatest families of France. Many of the latter, in their flight, had to depend on American ships for their escape, and it was not surprising that many of the fugitives located at Neponset, where they found pleasure in their exile, and proved a source of profit to their American neighbors. Apropos to the latter intimation, the oldest inhabitant cited the case of a famous captain of the town, who, when the royalists were flying from France, allowed his ship to be used for the storage of the wealth of those who were to take passage with him from France to America, but who after getting the gold on board, set sail leaving the would-be passengers behind. This incident, was mentioned to show that there were many tough old fellows among the revolutionary heroes, and at the same time to prove that the punishment of transgressors was as severe as in these modern times. The bold captain in question landed his ill-gotten gains in Dorchester, but his greed prompted him to try the trick over again, in which operation he was arrested and imprisoned in France, under the regime of the famous Bonaparte. A ransom was fixed for his release, but his wife thought the sum too exorbitant, inasmuch as her liege lord was not supposed to be worth as much as a younger man. The oldest inhabitant consulted his associates of boyhood days, and the whole subject of buried plunder in the pirates' cave was discussed in all its bearings. All agreed that there was sufficient foundation for the belief that wealth had been buried in Pirates' Cove. It was further agreed by those who had seen the spectre digging that it was a real man, inasmuch as he resembled a man quite prominent in town affairs, who resided in a yellow house with pink shutters in the vicinity of the cove. This suspicion was strengthened by a rumor that the individual in question had lately called at the village grocery, and had changed a 40 franc gold piece, bearing the head of Louis XIX. The man did not seem to know the exact value of the coin in American legal tender. It was hinted further that many strange callers had been seen at the "Major's" residence, and, as some of them in years past were identified with the Fenian raid on Canada, it was supposed that the trustees

OF THE IRISH SKIRMISHING FUND

had at last struck upon a treasure buried in the cove. On Thursday night a watch was stationed at the cove to see what the "Major" would do. During the early hours of the morning a man, lantern in hand and armed with pick and shovel, was discerned wandering about the cove. It was snowing quite hard, and the man finally seemed to hesitate, and then as if scenting danger, suddenly extinguished his light and disappeared. Some of the watchers proceeded to the spot and discovered his foot-prints, which showed that the maker of them wore good-sized boots such as the Major was known to possess. The imprints in the snow were measured, and, to make sure that they were those of the Major, one of the most diplomatic of the party was instructed to confer with the village cobbler. This artist expressed the opinion that none other than the Major could have left such tracks, and, inasmuch as the latter had been "flush" of late, the cobbler was of the opinion that he had struck a bonanza. The colder went so far as to hint that certain gentlemen interested in the skirmishing fund had been prospecting about the cove, and had suddenly gone southward with considerable baggage.

The writer, learning of the anxiety of these old settlers, paid a visit to the "Pirates' Cove" yesterday. It is an immense hollow, under an overhanging hill, and extending to a long strip of marsh or low land, which might once have been the bed of a river. An old inhabitant pointed out the spots where the Major is supposed to have been digging of late, but, as the snow had covered them to the depth of several inches, they presented the appearance simply of deep hollows. The cove opens into a corner lot, bounded on one side by Pierce avenue and on the other by Newhall street. A call was made on Mr. Lewis F. Pierce, a well-preserved gentleman of 73 years, the owner of the property, which has been handed down from father to son for seven generations. Robert Pierce, who came over in the Mary and John from England in 1639, settled in the hill overlooking the cove a few years later, and built the old mansion, which is now famous as one of the antiquities. The old gentleman, on being acquainted of the nature of the call, said that for many years people had had an idea that there was an immense amount of treasure buried somewhere in the cove. His father, who died at the age of 88, had his attention called to it many times by strangers, and he remembered that some forty years ago a man named Lampier, of Boston, called at his house, and said that he had long been possessed of information to the effect that a wealthy Frenchman, who was obliged to fly from France on an American vessel, had been murdered on the passage by several of the crew, who wanted the immense treasure he was known to carry. When the ship reached the harbor the murderers took a boat, and, proceeding up a creek,

DUG A HOLE IN A CAVE,

under a big hill. The murderers were suspicious of one of their number, and, after digging the hole, they butchered him, threw his body into the pit, and then buried the plunder with him. The plunder, Lampier said, consisted of gold ingots, which were inclosed in an iron-bound chest, several pots of gold coins and a box of silver bars. Lampier asserted that his daughter, who possessed the power of looking into the future, had a revelation which satisfied him that the treasure in question laid somewhere in Mr. Pierce's cove. Mr. Pierce's father, who was then alive, was startled at Lampier's claim, and after considerable discussion, it was agreed that Lampier should be allowed to dig, upon the payment of $3 for each hole excavated, and on condition that three-fifths of the plunder, if any were found, should revert to the Pierce family. Lampier, with a number of his followers, were soon on hand with a horse and cart, picks and shovels, ready to prosecute the search, which, however, according to his belief, could only go on at night, and then only with the advent of the new moon. During the midnight diggings the spot where the work was being done was surrounded by a rope, and a Bible was put up in a tree near by. No one present was allowed to talk, as even a whisper would cause the gold to shift about or sink into the ground. Lampier evidently believed what he represented, for he continued the search, off and on, for many years. At last he fell into the habit of leaving the holes unfilled, whereupon old Mr. Pierce put up the price from $3 to $5, but Lampier paid it without a murmur. After nearly eight years of labor, however, Lampier's enthusiasm flagged a little, and he enlisted the services of Mike Doody, a veritable Dublin Celt. Doody's hunt for "goold" finally cooled to such a degree that he allowed his natural love for fun to outweigh his respect for Lampier's dollars. One night he planted an old soap box containing old clothes, some junk and some old coppers, and the next night Lampier raised it to the surface, in the full belief that he had at last struck upon the treasure. The soap box and the contents produced a shock which caused him to relinquish his labors, and Mike was

THROWN OUT OF A JOB.

After Lampier's departure, a party of men came from Connecticut to dig for the treasure. They were unacquainted with Lampier and his work, but their story as to the buried wealth was exactly the same. They also dug at night, with the same mystic rules that governed the other party. They disappeared after a year or so. A few years later a third party began the hunt, under the supervision of Packard Edton, of Charleston. Through a Miss Stinson, his sister-in-law, it had been revealed to him that certain pirates had buried plunder of a murdered Frenchman in the cove. Miss Stinson recognized the cove as the one she had seen in her dream, and, inasmuch as Mr. Pierce owned two cows that looked exactly like those she had seen browsing over the hidden treasure, she was positive that she had at last found the spot. Thus the cove got another shaking up, in which Mike Doody got the best of it in the way of wages for his labor. Packard's party finally tired of their search. From that time to the breaking out of the war, the cove was periodically dug over, by men generally from the South and of French extraction, but the treasure has not been found.

Mr. Pierce was not aware of the presence of the suspicious individual in the cove of late, but thought it possible that Mike Doody, long since dead, might have returned to perpetrate some joke. Mr. Pierce remembered that his father had often told of the French families boarding at the old Minot House when he (the father) was a boy. These people, who often displayed pots of gold, sometimes gave the boys money to make minature anchors for toy ships. They were exiles, presumably, and after the first Napoleonic dynasty they doubtless returned to their own land. It was possibly that the supposed murdered Frenchman might have been one of these exiles. Mr. Pierce said that he knew the "Major," who is supposed to have done the digging of late, but that no arrangement had been made with him for the prosecution of such work on his premises. He had no objection to any one laboring to improve his land, but he did not wish any one to make a graveyard on his premises. He did not believe that there was any gold buried in the cove, but anybody who wanted to dig for it, might do so after consulting him. The writer sought an interview with the "Major," but he was not at home. He may possibly have been in consultation with prominent Boston capitalists as to the best way of forming a stock corporation. The old settlers of Neponset are still prosecuting their inquiries, and further developments in the matter will be looked for with interest.

IS "DAMN" A PROFANE WORD?

Three Judges Declare that it is, and One that it is a Violent Adjective.

Yesterday morning Judge Moore announced the decision of the District Court in the case of A. H. Pugh agt. The Telephone Company. Some time ago the same case was passed upon by Judge Worthington of the Superior Court, who held that because Pugh had been guilty of using, if not profane, at least improper and vulgar language when operating the telephone in his office, the company was justified in "plugging" his communication, and in keeping it so. Judge Worthington's decision was able, exhaustive, and interesting, and a large portion of it was printed in full. As the decision of the District Court affirmed that announced by Judge Worthington, and reviewed much the same ground, it need not be here given at such length.

Judge Moore said that the majority of the Court were of the opinion that Pugh had been guilty at least of using the word "damn," whatever worse phrases might have been used, the contradictory character of the testimony making it difficult to determine what were the exact words used by him. But that much he had, upon his own acknowledgment, sent over the wire. The Court considered it hardly necessary, by its understanding of the rules of society, to go into an examination as to whether the word "damn" is profane or vulgar language. Judge Barr of the United States District Court of Kentucky had already held that the word "damn," while not "obscene," was to be classed as "coarse, unbecoming, and profane," and in view of all the circumstances in the present case under which the word was used, it was patent to a majority of the Court that it was used with a vile, low, and insulting spirit, and if not profane, was manifestly improper. The rule prohibiting the use of "improper" or "vulgar" language was certainly a reasonable rule. "The telephone," said Judge Moore, "reaches into all classes of society—not only into business circles, but into many family circles. It must be remembered that it is possible, from the peculiar arrangement of the instrument, to have a communication that is intended for one individual reach another. All communications, therefore, should be in proper language. Moreover, in many cases the operators in the exchanges are, many of them, refined ladies, and even beyond this, all operators are to be protected from insult. Besides, the inventors have a right to be protected, and to have their instrument placed in a respectable light before the world, otherwise it might go out of use." From all of these reasons the majority of the Court concurred in affirming the decision of Judge Worthington in the Superior Court, which they consider to be correct.

Judge Smith dissented, taking the position that the operator who "plugged" Pugh's telephone, as well as Superintendent Eckert, acted with too great haste, and under a mistake of fact. He thought that Pugh had not used the stronger language than "damn" which was imputed to him, and the use of which, as claimed by the company's agents, suggested the severance of communication. That Pugh had used the word "damn" was beyond doubt, since he admitted that much himself, but then what the Court had to consider was not the question, "What is good taste?" but "What are the rights of the parties?" In answering the latter, he claimed that Pugh was entitled to notice before his communication was severed, and the failure in this respect on the part of the company was fatal to its claim to have the injunction against Pugh's use of the telephone continued. As to the word "damn," he said it was not profane according to either the decalogue, common law, statute law, or dictionary. He did admit that it was a "pretty violent adjective," but said it was certainly not profane. As to "vulgarity," or "impropriety," as a word which violently disposed individuals might be pleased to bruit abroad over the mystery of wires threading the city, he said nothing.

At the close of Judge Smith's remarks Judge Johnston said: "I want it to be understood that I fully concur in the opinion announced as that of the majority of the Court fully concur."—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

In Cleveland County, a certain family with six grown sons and daughters drink three times a day three gallons of coffee at each meal. They paid last year as much for tobacco as for bacon, so a merchant who supplied them says. The males took tobacco, and the girls, by way of variety, dipped snuff, which they all loved "not wisely but too well." Next week this party of eight expect to migrate to South Carolina.—*Shelby Aurora.*

THREE YEARS OLDER THAN THE REPUBLIC.—At the Catholic graveyard in Danielstown yesterday the remains of Mrs. Farrell, aged one hundred and ten years, were interred with the usual solemn ceremonies. She was probably the oldest person in Virginia at the time of her death. It is said that she was even older than above stated, and that she had a son who was a soldier in the war of 1812.—*Lynchburg Advance.*

"JOHNNY O'ER THE WATER."—Mr. Rice, an old citizen of Madison County, owns a clock that was in his family before the Revolutionary war. Mr. Rice brought it from Oglethrope to Madison County. The works of this clock are made entirely of wood, and it to-day keeps splendid time. At 12 o'clock each day it chimes a little tune of "Johnny O'er the Water."—*Athens Banner.*

SOMEHOW OR OTHER, WE GET ALONG.

I.

The good wife bustles about the house,
Her face still bright with a pleasant smile,
As broken snatches of happy song
Strengthened her heart and hand the while.
The good man sat in the chimney nook,
His little clay pipe within his lips,
And all he'd made, and all he had lost,
Ready and clear on his finger-tips.

II.

"Good wife, I've just been thinking a bit,
Nothing has done very well, this year;
Money is bound to be hard to get,
Everything's sure to be very dear.
How the cattle are going to be fed,
How we're to keep the boys at school,
Is a kind of debit and credit sum
I can't make balance by my rule."

III.

She turned her around from the baking board;
And she faced him with a cheerful laugh;
"Why, husband dear, one would think
That the good, rich wheat was only chaff.
And what if wheat is only chaff,
As long as we both are well and strong;
I'm not a woman to worry a bit,
Somehow or other, we get along.

IV.

"Into all lives some rain must fall,
Over all lands the storm must beat,
But when the rain and the storm are o'er,
The after-sunshine is twice as sweet.
Through every strait we have found a road,
In every grief we have found a song;
We have had to bear, and had to wait,
But somehow or other, we have got along.

V.

"For thirty years we have loved each other,
Stood by each other, whatever befell;
Six boys have called us 'father' and 'mother,'
And all of them living and doing well.
We owe no man a penny, my dear,
We're both of us loving, and well, and strong.
Goodman, I wish you would smoke again,
And think how well we have got along."

VI.

He filled his pipe, with a pleasant laugh;
He kissed his wife with a tender pride;
He said, "I'll do as you tell me, love,
I'll just count up on the other side."
She left him then, with his better thought,
And lifted her work, with a low, sweet song—
A song that followed me many a year—
"Somehow or other, we get along!"

POKER-PLAYING.

How the Game Immortalized by Bob Schenck Has Taken Hold of the Club People and Other Classes in Chicago.

"Yes, I think that draw-poker properly merits its title to 'the gentleman's game,'" said an experienced gambler, yesterday, to a representative of the *Tribune.* "I will tell you why I think so. Played 'on the square,' there are absolutely no opportunities for disputes or quarrels of any kind. When a hand is called, it shows down for what it is worth, and there can be no quibble as to who is entitled to the money. Of course, cheating can be carried on in playing poker, but it requires an expert manipulator of cards, or the employment of confederates to successfully accomplish any 'crooked' work. A very common way of cheating is to use marked cards. You know, of course, that cards are manufactured expressly for the crooked gambler. While to the inexperienced eye no difference can be detected, each card is different from any other in the pack, and the sharper can tell them at a glance. If he can ring his deck in a poker game, he has a decidedly 'soft thing.' It isn't necessary for him to lose a 'pot,' for he has the advantage over you of knowing exactly what is in your hand as well as his own. Compared with such a game, 'brace' faro is infinitely fairer.

"Poker is not a favorite with professional gamblers, because none of them have any confidence in the rest. Such a thing as square playing they do not expect of each other, so, when they play poker, they seek other than professional opponents. Poker-playing is carried on in this country to an inconceivable extent, and its popularity seems to be continually on the increase. I need not limit the statement to this country, either, for it is fairly a rage in England, and is played almost as much in France. General Schenck undoubtedly did a great deal to popularize the game in England, and I have heard that among the gilded youths of Great Britain the mania for playing is so strong that ancient family estates have been dissipated, and family escutcheons soiled by crime to gratify the passion.

"You would be surprised to know how many devotees the fascinating game has in Chicago. I don't think I am overstepping the bounds of probability when I say there are more than 250 poker games going on in Chicago every night. It is the favorite and almost the only game in the clubs, from the most aristocratic to the most plebeian, and, go where you will, in any quarter of the city, there will be found rooms in the rear of cigar stores and saloons where the soft click of the ivory 'chips' may be heard. The proprietors of these games, particularly in the saloons and cigar stores, find in them important adjuncts to the profits of their establishments. The profit to the proprietor comes from the 'rake-off.' This is usually a chip of the lowest denomination used, which is claimed by the proprietor for each hand that is called containing three of a kind or better, and sometimes a 'rake' is called for each 'jack-pot.' The fascination of the game lies, I think, in its mysterious and unfathomable possibilities. There is no telling what a man may make of his hand on the draw. In the first place, five cards are dealt to each player, one at a time. When the 'pot' is made, all who are in to the amount called for by the ante are privileged to discard as many of the cards in their hands as they choose, and of drawing a like number from the pack, in their order of playing. Here the great possibilities of the game come in. A player having three of a kind may have raised the ante, and another, staying in with four cards of one suit, may 'fill' his flush, and win his hand. I could go on indefinitely naming these possibilities.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SOME QUEER SUICIDES.

Because his crops were small, Adelbert Lobdell hanged himself in his barn, near Port Deposit.

John Glancy threw himself from the window of the City Hospital, in Vicksburg, and was killed.

Harvey Smith, a well-known physician of Manchester, cut his throat while suffering from brain fever.

"I am weary, and want to die," said Mrs. Bella Gray, of Hamilton, Ont. Then she shot herself in the breast.

At Grand Forks, D. T., William Ford, having lost all his money at gambling, swallowed morphine, in the presence of his wife.

W. H. Jones, a harness-maker of State Centre, Iowa, fearing an attack of delirium tremens, swallowed a fatal dose of morphine.

During the excitement of a religious revival, Robert Berkshire, a farmer of Port Washington, O., hanged himself in his stable.

His draft on a friend for $50 being dishonored, Curtis O. Wallace, of St. Louis, went to his room, and cut his throat from ear to ear.

H. A. Crist, of Des Moines, a horse thief, swearing that no vigilance committee should ever have the pleasure of hanging him, hanged himself.

George Barnell, of Jackson Township, Indiana, a well-to-do farmer, was not satisfied. So he began to speculate, became insane, and cut his throat.

Because a neighbor refused her offer to purchase his lands, Mrs. McLachman, the wife of a farmer near Ottawa, took a fatal dose of Paris green.

In consequence of some idle gossip, Eva Stone, 16 years of age, of Glidden, Iowa, took her father's revolver and shot herself, in the presence of her mother.

Bridget Scanlon, a mere child, of Lawrence, Mass., drowned herself in a mill-pond, because he feared a whipping for the accidental breaking of a pitcher.

"My wife is too old and uninteresting for me, and I can not stand it longer," wrote Fred Strack, a young saloon keeper of Cleveland. Then he killed himself.

Frank McCarg, a musician of Corning, committed suicide by jumping from the Knoxville bridge, because he had been forbidden to play in the orchestra, owing to his drunkenness.

Caleb Hobbs, of Lincolnton, N. C., found his favorite mule dead in a field. After a good crying spell, he wrote a note saying he could not live without the mule, and then committed suicide.

Hiram Tucker, a disappointed inventor of Boston, 60 years of age, attached a rubber hose to a gas jet, turned on the gas, and, putting the other end of the hose in his mouth, suffocated himself.

Failing to effect a reconciliation with his wife, Homer W. Barnes, of Breckville, O., went to the barn, loaded a gun with heavy buckshot, and placing the muzzle against his heart, pulled the trigger with his toe.

Claud Lester, an Englishman 30 years of age, declared he could not live without the society of a young son of a former employer, and, going to the boy's home, near Niagara Falls, murdered him, and then shot himself.

David Lawton, of West Winfield, New York, would not work, and his brother refused to harbor him any longer. He burned his brother's barn, containing his crops and cows, and then went into the woods and hanged himself.

Mary Romey, a domestic in the employ of the Rev. Mr. Dodson, of San Antonio, Texas, first took laudanum, then threw herself, into a deep ditch, an finally cut her throat. She says the only trouble is, she is tired of life.

Unfounded fear of poverty caused Killian Donn, a wealthy resident of Elkhorn, Wis., to commit suicide. He quitted the house at 2 o'clock at night, walked through the snow to the woods, half a mile away, and hanged himself.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* prophesies that "the breeding of great men will yet become a science, and that brains will be inherited with the rest of the patrimony."

CONGRESS ought to draw those absurd trade dollars from circulation.—*Providence Press.*

PLANETS IN FEBRUARY.

Venus is morning star, the brightest and fairest of the throng that grace the morning sky. She rises now three hours before the sun, shining with the serene radience that distinguishes her, and continues to be visible long after the lesser stars have melted away in the star depths, almost in the very presence of the King of Day. On the 16th, at 2 o'clock in the morning, Venus reaches her greatest western elongation. Here her western course ends. She is 46° 52' west of the sun, and can go no farther from him. The inexorable laws that rule her movements compel her to retrace her steps. The inner and inferior planets move in this way, oscillating in straight lines west and east of the sun. It is easy to keep the run of their paths, especially in the case of Venus. No planet of the system presents so many points of interest or is so closely allied the planet on which we dwell as Venus. She is our nearest neighbor except the moon, is nearly like the earth in dimensions, in the length of her day and night, in the possession of an atmosphere, and in the probable mountainous condition of her surface. Besides she gratifies our æsthetic perceptions by being the most beautiful star the eye beholds, and she is the only planet that is visible in the presence of the noonday sun. She is therefore a most interesting planetary study. Those who were witnesses of her recent transit have a tangible point from which to commence observation. They saw for themselves the inferior conjunction when Venus passed between the earth and the sun, the transit when passing over the sun's disc, she changed from an evening to a morning star, deserting the sun's eastern side, and appearing upon his western side. Since that time she has been moving westward, rising earlier every morning, passing her period of greatest brilliancy, and turning more of her illumined surface towards us.

On the 16th, a change occurs. She is stationary for a few days, and then commences to make her way back towards the sun, for she has passed her western elongation, one of the four prominent points in her path. She will move slowly, retracing her steps toward the sun until she reaches superior conjunction in September and completes her course as morning star, and completes also half her synodic period. Observers following the path of the beautiful star will see after elongation she rises later, and that her bright face perceptibly pales until she approaches the sun so closely as to be lost to view in his bright beams.

She is a charming object in the telescope during the month, shining as a crescent until elongation, then taking on the lovely aspect of a half-moon, and closing the exhibition with the gibbous phase.

On the 20th, at 5 o'clock in the morning, Venus is in conjunction with the small star Pi Sagittarii, passing one degree and a half north. Her right ascension is 17h. 49m., her declination is 19° 10' south, and her diameter is 29".8.

Venus rises, on the 1st, a few minutes after 4 o'clock in the morning; on the 28th she rises a quarter after 4 o'clock.

Mars is morning star, ranking second in the order of position. He holds the honor of playing a part in the solitary planitary conjunction of the month. He is in conjunction with Mercury on the 13th, at 6 o'clock in the morning, being then 4° 23' south. Both planets are too near the sun to be visible, but it is easy to imagine how fine a picture the two planets would present, the one white in hue and the other red, if mortal eyes could pierce the bright medium that enshrouds them. The right ascension of Mars is 20h. 4m., his declination is 21° 21' south, and his place is in Capricornus.

Mars rises on the 1st about half-past 6 o'clock in the morning; on the 28th, he rises a few minutes before 6 o'clock.

Uranus is morning star, and is fast approaching the point where he is in the most favorable condition for being seen with the naked eye. He is on the border-land between Leo and Virgo, and observers who have small telescopes can easily find him towards the last of the month in the east, about seven degrees south of Denebola, a star of the second magnitude in Leo. Sweeping the sky in the vicinity, a pale sea-green star with a disc will come into the field of view, differing entirely from the twinkling points around him. The sea-green star is Uranus. His right ascension is 11h. 34m., his declination is 3° 35' north, and his deameter is 3".8.

Uranus rises on the 1st about half past 8 o'clock in the evening; on the 28th, he rises about a quarter before 7 o'clock.

Mercury is evening star until the 5th, and morning star the rest of the month. On the 5th, at 6 o'clock in the evening, he is in inferior conjunction, passing between the earth and sun. If he were at or near one of his nodes, he would make a transit as Venus did on the 6th of December. As he does not reach his descending node until twenty-three days after inferior conjunction, he passes above the sun, and the passage will be invisible. Observers must wait until the 9th of May, 1891, for the next transit of Mercury. After inferior conjunction, Mercury passes to the sun's western side and becomes morning star, pursuing his course under similar conditions with those fully described in the movements of Venus. He is near enough to his western elongation during the last week in the month to be visible to the naked eye, rising an hour before the sun, and about four degrees north of the sunrise point. His right ascension is 21h. 31m., his declination is 11° 37' south, his diameter is 9".8, and his place is in Capricornus.

Mercury sets on the 1st, about 6 o'clock in the evening; on the 28th, he rises at half-past 5 o'clock in the morning.

Jupiter is evening star, and though a comparison between him and the fairest of the stars now holding her court in the morning sky is not to his disadvantage, he makes up for the deficiency in several ways. It is no trouble to follow his course, for, as soon as the evening shades prevail, he is a conspicuous object in the east, recognized by an upward glance at the sky, while the observer who would see Venus must anticipate the dawn at the cost of some self-denial. He is surrounded by a brilliant galaxy of stars, while Venus reigns alone; his position, as leader of the clustering brilliants that swarm around his path, gives a special interest to his present aspect. Nearly twelve years will pass before he will again occupy the same place in the sky. Observers should therefore note his present favorable position, and enjoy the superb picture he presents as he leads the starry hosts in grand procession from east to west over the celestial track, being now visible nearly the whole night, and sinking below the western horizon only a few minutes before Venus makes her advent above the eastern.

The right ascension of Jupiter is 5h. 23m., his declination is 22° 57' north, his diameter is 42".4, and he is in Taurus.

Jupiter sets on the 1st at 4 o'clock in the morning; on the 28th, he sets about a quarter after 2 o'clock.

Saturn is evening star, preceding Jupiter nearly three hours in rising and setting, for the distance between the two planets is gradually increasing. He is still an interesting object among the stars, though perceptibly decreasing in size and lustre as he wends his way towards the sun, and travels farther away from the earth. On the 8th, at 6 o'clock in the morning, he reaches quadrature with the sun, having advanced just half way on his course from opposition to conjunction. He is then 90° from the sun, rises at noon and sets about midnight. His right ascension is 3h. 10m., his declination is 15° 32', and his diameter is 17".4.

Saturn sets on the 1st at a quarter after 1 o'clock in the morning; on the 28th, about a quarter before 12 o'clock in the evening.

Neptune is evening star, and arrives at quadrature on the 4th, at 11 o'clock in the evening, four days before Saturn, and under similar conditions. He is still very near Saturn, there being only thirteen minutes difference in the time of transit. His right ascension is 2h. 56m., and his declination is 14° 57' north.

Neptune sets on the 1st at 1 o'clock in the morning; on the 28th, he sets about a quarter after 11 o'clock in the evening.

THE MOON.

The February moon fulls on the 21st, at 34 minutes after 7 o'clock in the evening. She takes on only three phases during the shortest month of the year, appearing as new moon, at her first quarter, and as full moon. She is in conjunction, before her change, with Venus, on the morning of the 4th, being only about 1° south. On the 6th, she is near Mars, and on the 7th near Mercury. Passing at new moon to the sun's eastern side, she is in conjunction with Neptune and Saturn on the 13th. She is at her nearest point to Jupiter, on the 16th, and on the 23d, two days after the full, she is near Venus. When the moon is in conjunction with a planet, she is in the same right ascension, or longitude, though her declination, or latitude, may be several degrees north or south. Those who watch her progress eastward, averaging 13° daily, will note that her conjunction with the planets gives the order of their position in regard to the sun. Thus, she passes Venus, Mars and Mercury, the morning stars, then pays her respects to Neptune, Saturn and Jupiter, the evening stars, and ends the circuit by coming near Uranus, a morning star.

Students of the stars who follow the movements of the planets in February will find it interesting work to trace their winding paths. Venus reaches her greatest western elongation, and is near the star Pi Sagittarii, Mercury is in inferior conjunction with the sun, Mars is near Mercury, and Neptune and Saturn are in quadrature. Astronomy must be studied practically, in order to awaken the deepest interest. Books, lectures and illustrations can not do justice to this noble science. None but eye-witnesses can appreciate, even in a small degree, the magnificence and boundless range of the grand creations that people the star depths, and that spread out on every star-lit night bright pictures of celestial beauty to allure beholders to "consider the heavens."—*Providence Journal.*

MRS. LANGTRY has said: "The newspaper men of America are the handsomest, brightest, and most courteous gentlemen I ever met," and she hasn't met Wirt Walton either.